The Bystander, September 27, 1916.—No. 669. Vol. LI

The BYSTANDER

"UP GUARDS AND AT 'EM"

The Queen of Roumania, First Cousin of King George V., and eldest daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, in the uniform of the 4th Rosiori Guards, of which regiment she is Hon. Colonel

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

Let Him Telephone!

ONE of the captured officers of the Zeppelin that came down intact somewhere in Essex, asked permission to "telephone from the nearest post office to announce to his wife that he was safe." I don't know whether the permission was given. Personally, I hope it was, because the wife, whoever she may be, might be interested to hear two or three other things from the city near which her hubby landed so safely. She might be interested to know, and to be able to tell her neighbours, that several scores of quiet, unoffending wives and mothers like herself, no more engaged in the actual war than is she, had been blown out of their beds and either killed or horribly mutilated—some of them with their babies in their arms—and their homes wrecked by her gallant husband and his confederates in callous bloody massacre, now quite safe, thank you, in the hands of the good-natured stupid English.

ZEPPS THAT "PASS" IN THE NIGHT

The "Passing" of L Z, Sunday, Sept. 24, as seen by a Londoner

And What's the Use Of It?

SHOULD the lady be allowed to reply, doubtless she, as a good German, would say that her husband had merely done his duty, and that he was not responsible for the fact that non-combatants were killed, that the English must be made to suffer for the war, and so on and so forth in the usual way. To that that lady might be told that all the killing of women and children of which her gallant husband and his kind are guilty has as much effect on the conduct of the war by the Allied Powers as a flea-bite on the hide of a mastodon.

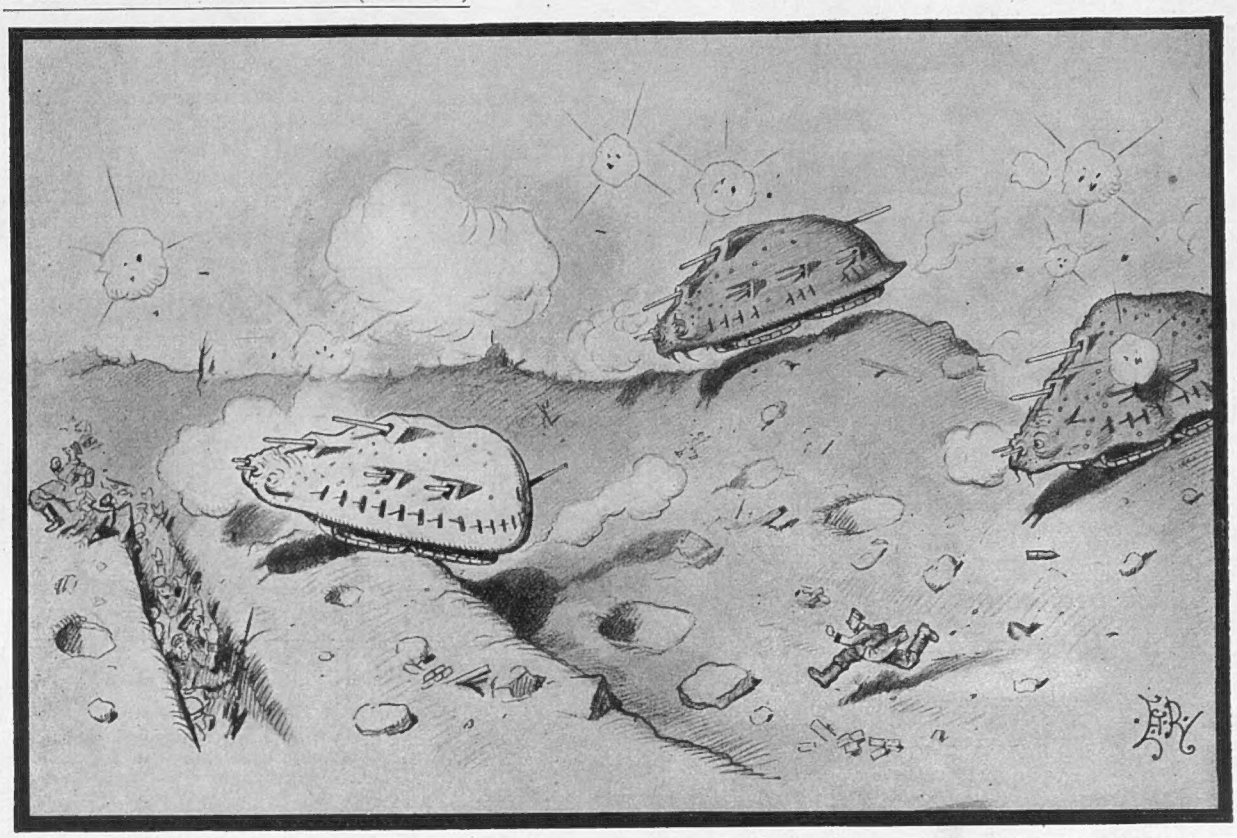
Stoical Islanders

DEMORALISATION? If the lady seriously thinks Zeppelin raids demoralise the British public, let her learn that it is the exact contrary. They kill a certain number of innocents, wreck a certain number of homes, and perhaps here and there a railway station or a factory, but on the people as a whole their effect is exciting, thrilling, stimulating. It is proverbially easy to bear the misfortunes of others: war has made the people of Britain stoical as they never were before. When a Zep. is reported over a district a small proportion is frightened: the overwhelming majority is stimulated. Men, women, and children fly out of bed, rush out clad anyhow or hardly at all, their desire being to catch a glimpse. They will rush hither and thither, to the uttermost ends of the earth, if there is a chance of seeing a Zep. brought down. If killed in the process—well, one is killed; if somebody else is killed—well, somebody else is killed!

What We Do

AT the moment there is one passion, and that is to see something, to hear something, or somehow or another to be "in it." And if one is not in it, one is disappointed, and hopes for better luck next time. Anyway, on the morrow one will journey by car, or bicycle, or on foot, to Little Peddlington or Mudcombe-in-the-Marsh to see the remains; one will tour Suburbia to see the damage. One will warn the "special" on his beat that if he fails to give one the tip next raid he will be regarded as no true friend. Society people give dinner-parties only on nights when a raid is expected, and if their guests are disappointed apologies are profuse.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)



THE PREHISTORIC TOUCH

Grand advance of His Majesty's "Tanks" as seen in the mind's eye by a Primeval artist who wasn't there

It's So Bracing!

LET Frau Oberlieut. Schmidt—if that is the lady's name—at the other end of the telephone, reveal to all Berlin that the Zeppelin raids do destroy innocent non-combatant life and a certain limited amount of useful property—that is their war-value to the Germans—but, on the other hand, they provide the British people with the very kind of stimulus that reconciles them to the continuance of the war. They keep hatred and loathing alive, while at the same time they provide excitement and *interest* of a kind that compensates for various wearinesses and boredoms.

⁂ ⁂

A Short Life and a Gay One

HAS war deprived the townsman of his occasional carnival or beanfeast? Well, if it has, it brings an excellent substitute in the shape of frequent air raids and occasional Zep-falls. Now that there is a reasonable chance of a Zep being brought down every time, the people of Britain are reconciled to Zep raids. The prospect of their discontinuance will be depressing rather than stimulating. This suggests that we have become a callous people. I don't like to say that. But it is certainly the fact, good or bad, as may be, that there is an increasing tendency to take the destruction of life for granted, and to act on the principle of "a short life and a gay one," and rather to thank the Zeps. in that they at least tend to make life in war-time, while it is with us, exciting and worth living.

⁂ ⁂

To Bethmann, Berlin

BY all means let Herr Lieutenant telephone to his wife, and let Frau Lieutenant telephone to the Imperial Chancellor the message: "*Your air raids cause those British civilians who escape to like rather than to dislike the war.*" His Excellency, if his object is to bring the war to an end, may be left to draw his own moral.

⁂ ⁂

The New Savoyards

GERMANY has become the Savoy of the theatre-land of war, and we now look to the German papers for a good old chuckle. Take this, for instance. Germany, having decreed our annihilation two years and seven weeks ago, having called down the wrath of God on us, ordered the total extermination of our army, tried to sink at sight every ship afloat, bombarded our seaside resorts, dropped bombs on our undefended towns and villages and parish pumps, cursed us high and low in every key, has now definitely decided that we are to be once and for all ended, and to achieve this conclusive result, the citizens of Munich have *appointed a Committee*. What the Kaiser, von Kluck, Tirpitz, and Zeppelin failed to achieve in succession, is to be achieved by some old gentlemen sitting round a table in the capital of Beer!

⁂ ⁂

Alas! poor Siegfried

GERMANY, having reached this state, really one asks, what is left to do unto her—in the moral sense? Alas! poor Siegfried, with the flaming all-destroying sword, who would ever have foreseen, two years ago, that you should have become converted into a Committee, and that in order to slay the British dragon you have to sit down and pass resolutions? *Götterdämmerung!* What a twilight of the Gods!

(*Continued on page 551*)

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 548)

"More Men" Again

With the re-opening of Parliament, the question of More Men takes its time-honoured place on the Agenda. The ball has been opened in the familiar fashion. First, a rumour is circulated and denied that the age-limit is to be raised. Then, the usual leading article in the usual inspired organs. Then *The Times* military correspondent; then more denials, rumours of Cabinet differences, and so on and so forth. Lastly, the inevitable compromise.

❀ ❀

The Man of Forty-five

While protesting once more against the application of the loathsome expression "combing out" to individuals who, though sheltered in reserved occupations, are nevertheless human beings and not vermin, I nevertheless agree that something will first have to be done to revise stars, badges, and exemption certificates. But in due course, if the war is to go on as prophesied through the whole of next year, the Man of Forty-five will have to come in. Why not follow in his case the same procedure as was followed in that of his juniors, *i.e.*, give him first the option of attesting in his "group," just to see how far the prized voluntary system works in this case? I have not the slightest doubt that the response will be magnificent.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT RAYMOND ASQUITH

Eldest son of the Prime Minister, was killed in action in France on September 15. He was a most brilliant scholar, a barrister with a large practice, and a soldier who never failed to do what was expected of him. He gave up his work in November 1914, receiving a commission in the Queen's Westminsters, and was gazetted Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards early in 1915

Photographs *Arbuthnot*

MRS. RAYMOND ASQUITH

Who was married to Lieut. Asquith in 1907, is the daughter of Sir John Horner, of Mells Park, Somerset. She is left a widow with one son and two daughters

❀ ❀

Let Him Attest!

Of all sections of the community, none have distinguished themselves more for the vigour of their patriotism (of speech and writing) than those who have been just a little over military age. It has been pointed out more than once by correspondents to this journal that a large proportion of our most ardent and militant patriots in the Press and on the platform, in the pulpit, on the Bench, in the railway carriage, club, and taproom, are men of between forty-one and forty-five. How eager are they—by proxy—to cross the Rhine and ride down Unter den Linden! What devils of fellows they would have been if only ten or twenty years younger! Well, *mens sana* is often to be found *in corpore sano*. Let the Man of Forty-five, that splendid patriot, be given the chance to attest. I am sure the result will prove that all need for conscription in *his* case is nil.

(*Continued on page 552*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 551)

What Would Happen to the Volunteers

ANOTHER point about the raising of the age limit to be considered is its effect on the Volunteer movement. After two years of hard grinding the Volunteers have now become part of His Majesty's forces, and as such have been reorganised and properly officered. The greater proportion of men in the Volunteer Regiments, certainly the more usefully trained proportion of them, are men between forty and forty-five years of age. To take these men out of the movement would once more give it a serious set-back—probably the final cold douche.

A CONFERENCE OF THE POWERS

The Commanders-in-Chief, General Joffre and Sir Douglas Haig, and the Munitioneers, Mr. Lloyd George and M. Thomas, discussing plans and possibilities in France

Bairnsfather on the Stage

OUR theatrical specialists deal, on another page, with the excursion of Captain Bairnsfather, of THE BYSTANDER, into drama. It is pleasant to us to see that he receives admirable Press notices for his first playlet (which is to be seen in *Flying Colours* at the Hippodrome, and is known as "Bairnsfatherland" or "The Johnson 'Ole"). Most people agree that the chief fault—which isn't that of the author—is the extreme brevity of the sketch, and the way in which it is sandwiched between turns of too ridiculously contrasted a type. There were a score more possible "hits" of dialogue that could have been added, the management permitting. It is now seen that the idea that the public would not "stand for war stuff" on the stage is a legend. Given the "real thing," they will stand for any amount of it.

The End of Daylight Saving

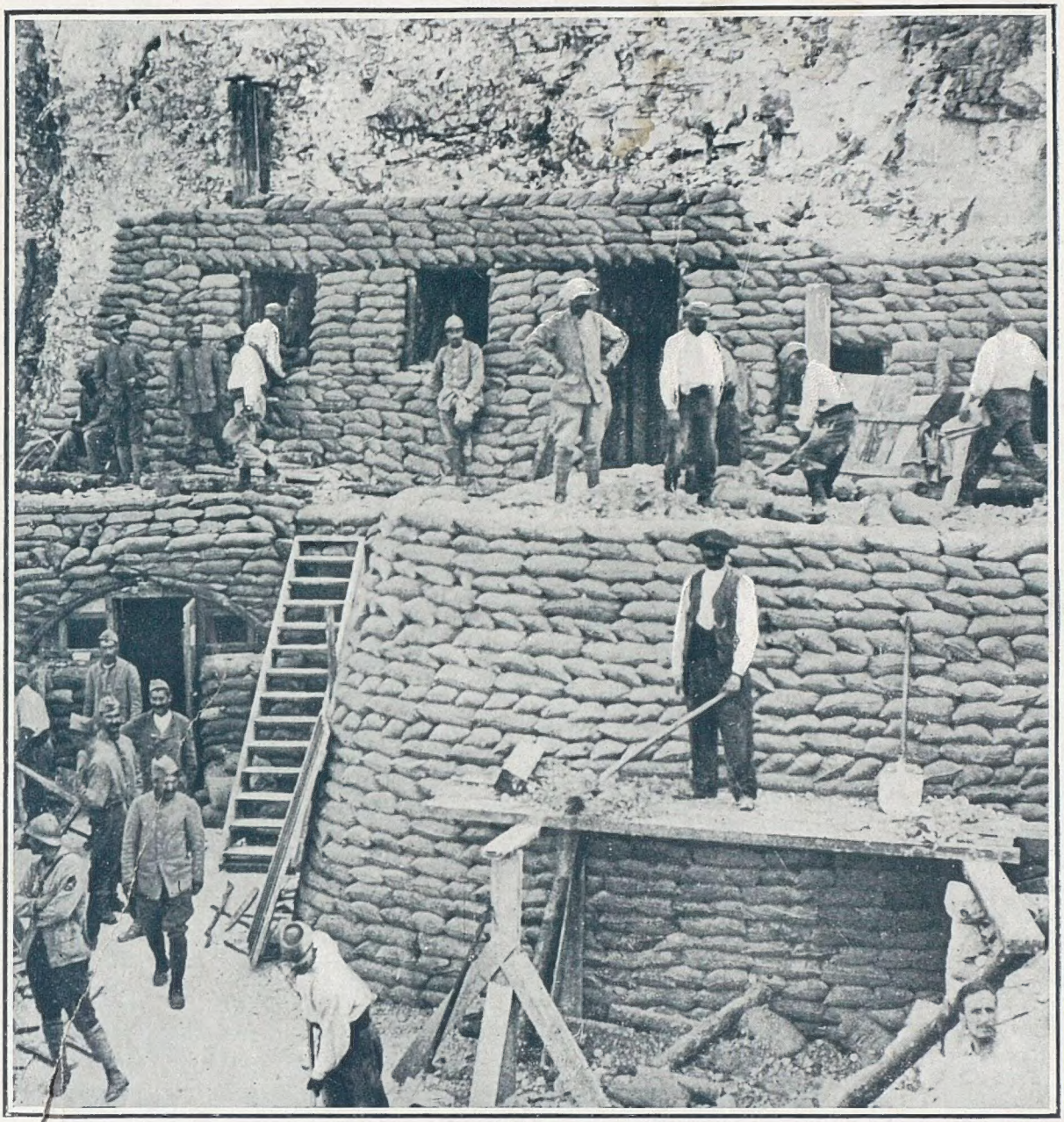
SEVERAL readers ask me to clamour for the continuance of Summer Time, as they say they prefer a little extra light in the evenings to the mornings. As Parliament does not meet till October 10, said clamour would be waste of ink. We shall then be ten days on in winter-time, and used to it. There is a good deal to be said for taking our daylight at the end rather than the beginning of the day. The chief objection to dark mornings is that one has to dress, shave, and to eat one's breakfast by artificial light. But why not? I reject the alternative of getting up an hour later as a shameful peace-time idea.

AFTER THE SCRAP

A long string of Army lorries taking back the men of the Irish Brigade for a rest after their capture of Guillemont. The troops, to judge from their cheerful appearance, evidently appreciate this pleasant change from the normal "foot-slogging"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 552)

Safety in Numbers—of Sand-bags



This French official photograph shows the headquarters of a French regiment on the northern front, and is a remarkable tribute to the faith placed in the sand-bag as a protection against the fire of heavy guns. Piled like a wall, there are more than 1,400 bags visible in the picture, and at least three times as many more behind those that meet the eye

The Delights of "Lighting Up"

WHEN, however, I come to consider the question at which end of the working day it is best to be gloomy, I find myself answering "evening." To rise and prepare in darkness for the daily task may be depressing, whereas lighting up at evening is always rather the reverse, even behind dark blinds. One has also to regard the problem from the angle of vision of the domestic servant, who is in a position nowadays to dictate times as well as terms.

❋ ❋

A Neat Epigram

I THINK the neatest epigram of the week is that of Dr. Arthur Shadwell, in his letter to the *Times* on the agitation about food prices. "Nothing is more attractive to mankind at large than the imputation of bad motives and base conduct to their own species." And at no time in the history of the human race, and in no corner of the universe, has the habit been more indulged than in the years 1914-1916, in the United Kingdom. After the war, when the glossarists get busy, there must be a list compiled of the names that have been conferred upon the community at large by their newspaper mentors. With Dr. Shadwell, I should very much like to know who are these mysterious "food pirates" who are personally responsible for the rise in prices.

❋ ❋

Winston as a Pressman

THE people who have not secured the services of Mr. Churchill as an article-writer will once again be up in arms about his forthcoming series in the *London Magazine*. Mr. Churchill has, largely as a

(Continued on page 554)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 553)

result of newspaper clamour, been temporarily put out of office, and, having his pen, he actually dares to employ it for the purposes of making an income! He is doing what politicians are recognised as having the right to do in every country of the world. Did not Mr. Roosevelt, an ex-President of the United States, take a co-editorship on his retirement? Do not French ex-Presidents and Ministers revert to their original occupations—very often the Press—as soon as they retire? What is there about journalism that journalists, of all people, seem to think that it is the one profession that is unworthy of practice by a retired politician? Nobody objects to his going into the City, or to the Bar. Why not on to the Press? Perhaps the trouble is that Mr. Churchill is so *good* a journalist that he is likely to put into the shade some of the professional stars; also, that he happens to know something about war and history, which many of his rivals manifestly do not.

Some Swordsman

ACCORDING to the *Evening News*, which quotes from some German paper with an unpronounceable name, the Crown Prince, meeting a German soldier who had lost his arm and was rather enjoying the proud distinction of being the only undecorated man in the German Army, conferred upon him the Iron Cross (second class). The soldier duly acknowledged the honour, and inquired what reward would have been his had he lost both arms. The Prince said he would have given him the Iron Cross, first class. Whereupon the man drew his sword and at one blow cut off his remaining arm! Notice to aspiring athletes: try this simple feat—of arms!

LE COMMUNIQUÉ DE 15 HEURES

—In other words, the three o'clock bulletin, is much more eagerly awaited, and arouses greater interest in Paris, than the British Official does in London, to judge from the sketch here reproduced from "La Baïonnette"

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

Supra-Normal

PASSED BY CENSOR

Captain Mills-Bomme's temperature cracks the thermometer on seeing his recent daring exploits described as "On our right there is nothing to report"

(He and his battalion had merely occupied three lines of German trenches, and held them through a storm of heavy Lyddite for forty-eight hours)

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *September* 25, 1916

DEAR COUSIN—

ANYTHING might happen at any moment, these days, as Billy Merson says in *Look Who's Here,* and sometimes the things are quite nice ones, though there is a war on. Thus, as a kind of antidote to depression and its consequent don't-care-*what*-I-look-like feeling, a very extra-topping pair of pink silk stockings from the Navy (or a fragment thereof) was an unexpectedly cheering part of my war-time post the other morning.

⁂ ⁂

IT wasn't till I'd rescued them from the marauding jaws and paws of the darling dragon dog (always right at the top of his swing round about tea-and-toast time) that I remembered they were a bet, or, rather, the stakes. The wager—that Helen couldn't draw a gunroom mess, as it really and truly was, at 10.30 on a guest night. And the nicest part of it was that, of course, you know I hadn't really won it. Seems our idea of gunrooms as aforesaid were altogether too good to be true. But all really nice men always pay up bets, don't they—whether they lose them or not?

⁂ ⁂

MEN, I said. Only a few weeks ago the sender of the stockings (blushingly procured, he *says,* "under the fierce scrutiny of inquisitive female eyes") was one of the original three Babelets of the Bounding Blue—a phrase, by the way, that brought down on my defenceless head a perfect avalanche of strafing from one or two "snotties" who knew themselves for finished men of the world, and were awful sick that I hadn't heard about it.

⁂ ⁂

BUT now he's "an ex-babelet of yours (still yours, mark you, but no longer with the right to claim a babeletship)," having become tempy. C.O. of one of H.M.T.B.'s. Which, as he says, sounds all right, but's just a wee bit dull and lonely when you're the only officer on board. Poor child.

⁂ ⁂

SOMEONE in France, by the way, seems to think I've taken the "Silent Service" specially under my wing. A soldierman poet in that most amusing of trench publications, the *Somme Times,* has written quite an ode on the subject of—

Très moutarde, if you understand her,
Is Cousin Blanche of THE BYSTANDER.

"... with your manicured hands deep in the washing-up sink ..."

And here's the way he lets poetic license run away with him:

With anything in blue and gold, the
Carlton's good enough for me.
The *tête-à-tête,* the palm-embowered, the
Half-a-crown, the Khushi tea,
The hold-my-hand, the let's-discuss-where-
We-will-go-this-evening tea.

Then on to Ciro's, where we'll dance
Some rather dinky fox-trot steps—
And in the car you'll hold me rather close
Because I'm scared of Zepps.
Bad boy, to ask if I'll allow one kiss upon
My marble brow;
And what a silly place to kiss ... we're
Very hot in England now!

⁂ ⁂

AND there are *still* people in England now who say soldiermen aren't imaginative. Of course, in the first place, I shouldn't *dream* of saying such things to anyone. And *if* I did I'd be just as likely to say 'em to khaki as to navy-blue.

⁂ ⁂

TALKING of the Army, they're saying that when Parliament meets again next week or thereabouts what people will want to know first is all about what the Mesopotamia Commission's found out, and how and why they managed to make such a fearful muddle of it at the Indian end. Apropos of which I've had a rather interesting sidelight on life in India now from someone who, being a Canadian, doesn't write in the usual polite Anglo-Indian form, but just says, "thought you might like to know what someone who isn't English thinks of this place and of the way it's run."

⁂ ⁂

"SO far as anxiety to help on the war goes," writes this candid critic, "the nearest approach to India at present seems to be America. (A *very* nasty one, that, isn't it?) Nobody seems to care, nobody tries. So long as they get their sleep in the afternoon and their everlasting *pow* and *chota* pegs they don't worry a bit about the war except to talk about. As for the women, there's only one woman in the whole station who's done any war-work at all. And it took her a full two months to collect a small box of things for the troops in Mesopot!

"SOCIAL bust-ups are too common to write about in this awful country, with its super-fatuous imitation of civilisation. At Dalhousie one goes out every night to dinner, and attends parties graced by every rank of officer under the sun. Murree is a heavenly place for quiet walks and love-making, while at Simla, as you've already heard, they've had a top-hole season—a lovely polo tournament, nearly all officers playing, and seventy-two free fights a night to get at the club bridge tables. There seems to be no use in working—the men are keen, but the officers are not, except those who have been in England lately. And *they* don't count at all, being all juniors.

"I could tell you more . . ."

⁂ ⁂

"FOR goodness sake keep on strafing, Blanche—India can do with it! Your letters get to 95 per cent. of the armies, and you seem to be the only person I've found yet who isn't afraid of being howled down by people just because you hint at the truth about India, 'the country of our noble Indian Allies.' The Allies are all right, but the country isn't."

⁂ ⁂

WHICH is some indictment—isn't it?—and I give it without prejudice, as the lawyers say. But I'm afraid it's more than founded on fact, all the same. You see, there's no getting away from——well, Mesopotamia, is there?

⁂ ⁂

HOWEVER, as far as keeping cheery goes, not to speak of *pows* and *chota* pegs, I don't think even India's beaten us here at home in England, where, if we don't "maffick" over victories, neither are we unduly cast down by disasters or casualty lists or the ghastliness and waste and weariness of war generally. Simla may be giddy, but I bet London's giddier, and it seems to grow vaster and vaster, the vast army of women which still believes that life's main business is keeping oneself amused.

⁂ ⁂

ANYWAY, in their thousands and thousands every day they fill from floor to ceiling the theatres and the picture palaces and the shops and the tea-places, and — well, I *suppose* they keep the money moving and all that sort of thing, but all the same, really it's rather a depressing spectacle, in England now. And, of course, all the new revues and things *may* be chiefly for the delectation of the forces on leave, but, somehow, women outnumber men by hundreds and hundreds at the shows, evenings and matinées.

WHICH reminds me, not a Bishop or a General or *anything* has written to the papers saying how bad the low level of things theatrical is for them—women, I mean—though they're positively worn out with worry about its fearful effect on the morals of more susceptible man. Can't be that they think female morals don't matter, can it, or that we're too far gone in original sin to bother about, anyway? Because, in view of the Biblical theory about every sparrow counting and all that, I don't *think* it's quite the *right* view, do you?

⁂ ⁂

APROPOS of things feminine, there's a regular epidemic over here of lost pearl necklaces. An actress went and did it first, but *they're* always doing it, so no one worried. But now a station canteen-helper's lost hers, and everyone's really quite upset. 'Cos that's how you distinguish the Mayfair "worker" from the mere others, you know—plain frock, but priceless jewels. And it would be horrid if anyone made a mistake, wouldn't it? Also, with your manicured hands deep in the washing-up sink you can't think how *supporting* it is—the feel of a £10,000 pearl "rope" round your neck.

⁂ ⁂

NOT, I confess, that such support has ever been mine—for one thing, I don't wear my *best* jewels when I go canteening, and for another, I haven't got any. But *what* a theme for tragedy! Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Masefield, Sophocles, forward, please! I've tackled quite a few teeth-setting jobs in my day, but I think a hundred *very* greasy plates to wash or about a bushel of potatoes to scrape has all the rest cold all the time.

(*Continued on page 558*)

". . . from the jaws and paws of the darling dragon dog"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 557)

THE rewards of virtue, too, are so *much* less evident than they are for the other thing, aren't they? You have to be very naughty, *par exemple*, before your nose takes on the sort of permanent shine canteen-work produces *quite* easily, and fox-trots don't make your feet spread or bridge play the deuce with your finger-nails. But all the same—there are "a hundred compensations for your toil." And little risks like these, what *do* they matter, when "over there," in a hundred thousand places, our men are risking life itself for us?

⁂ ⁂

NOT to speak of the horrors of heat and sand and flies and loneliness. From the "wilderness of sin," which is somewhere in Egypt, two very neglected soldiermen write "to explain the case of pariahs like ourselves so that you may show a little sympathy with those who perforce waste their sweetness on the desert air.

⁂ ⁂

"HERE the thermometer is so high that the *padre* don't bother to sing 'Greenlands Icy Mountains' on parade, and there is no one to console us, and no one to visit us, save an old Turk, who combs his hair on the barbed wire, and a stray camel, who brings us bully from the base and letters from the beautiful—including yours, dearest Blanche. So now will you—the greater John Bull—go straight to the War Office and demand that we may be sent to France before our term of forty years has expired?"

⁂ ⁂

IN reply to which, what I'd *like* to say is that I think they're very badly used, poor darlings, etc., etc., etc. But whenever I'm sympathetic with anyone anywhere this is the sort of pulling-up I always get from someone somewhere else—"Dear Blanche—Haven't you been letting some of the boys play on your harrowed feelin's a bit lately? This week there's a fellow grousin' to you all about the heat and sand and flies of Egypt, the land of mystery and misery.

⁂ ⁂

"IT's all very well, you know, for a man in Mesopotamia who's never seen the thermom. at 125° in the shade before to get a bit excited and want to write home and tell someone. But it's getting a bit thick, Blanche, when a garden-spot like Egypt is painted as an inferno. Why, the climate's ideal in the summer, and sand and flies can't be regarded quite as a war risk, you know. The most unhealthy climate in the world just now is that of France, and a man in Egypt is living in a health resort by comparison."

⁂ ⁂

ON the other hand—but there! I could go on like this giving both sides of the question for ages, and no one the wiser. Meanwhile, what *I* think is, of course, that they've all, everyone of them, an awful lot to put up with, wherever they are, and that they're all perfectly splendid and——but, perhaps, that's enough to go on with. Men are such impetuous creatures, not to say inflammable—aren't they?—and though I could say more, as Mr. George Robey says, "I don't know whether I ought to tell you *this* one."

⁂ ⁂

AND talking of the great comedian, the autumn season's begun—the first of the autumn charity shows is to happen next week, there are concerts and things in dozens, also art shows and all the rest of it, and next week a race meeting at Newmarket, and the new clothes perfectly *horribly* attractive—and everyone buying them busily. As to the war, about the Push in France people are very bobbish, and I heard quite an echo of the early days of it last week—two people discussing the "march into Berlin!"

"Red tabs"

⁂ ⁂

ABOUT the East—ah, well, in this country the public's seen, but not heard, isn't it? But I think we're becoming positively *nervous* of silences. There were months of official silence about Gallipoli. Then about Mesopotamia. Rumour's very, very busy, and rumour, I've always noticed, seldom concerns herself, the jade, with anything that's pleasant.

⁂ ⁂

BY the way, about one of the few "little shows" they have had out there a Brass-Hat writes me that he expects I know more about it than he does, though he had "a front seat in the stalls—a high pinnacle of a sand-hill in this case. But even this, in a temperature of well over 100, with nothing but a little well-melted chocolate tablet from early morn till dewy eve, makes one question the glory and glamour of war—especially when you have to assume at frequent intervals the undignified position of a sort of human starfish. This to avoid the little bits of hate dropped from these gorgeous azure Eastern skies by Boche Taubes, which don't seem to appreciate the poetic part of the situation."

⁂ ⁂

HE also says that I'm so down on the poor dear things "with red and gold upon their hats" that if I like, when I go out to lunch with him (?) he'll put on mufti—"though, as a matter of fact, if I may say so, red tabs and a red hatband rather suit my complexion." Which shows, doesn't it, that even Staff can unbend at times? Well, it's very kind of you, Ferdinand (the Flappers' Ruin), but I think I can stand even the paralysin' glory of lunching with a Brass Hat—provided he's fairly amusing and I'm given high fortification in the shape of a dry Manhattan or so.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Types They Have in the Navy

PASSED BY CENSOR

No. 5.—"BRASS HATS"

"Brass Hat" is a colloquialism for an officer above the rank of Lieutenant-Commander, and originated, of course, in the band (or bands) of gilt leaves worn on the peak of the cap. The effect that this narrow strip of gold has in stimulating the junior officer to sudden alacrity is almost incredible

BY ARTHUR WATTS

Getting Jack Out of Office

A PEACE-TIME PROBLEM FOR RETURNED WARRIORS

By "DOWNWRITER"

I HAVE never been a pacifist, and now I am less one than ever. It seems that the reason why I have been biffed out of my Club is not the exigencies of war, but of—Peace. That is to say, the premises in which for these many years past I have found refuge from sociability are to be used for something that is called demobilisation, which, they tell me, will require the services of a powerful number of black-coated young gentlemen, danced attendance on by an equally powerful number of able-bodied females.

WHEN I went into the place last week for a final growl, the beginning had already been made, for the bench in the entrance hall formerly sacred to small boys in blue is now shared by small girls in brown, and the relationship established between the two seemed intimate enough to suggest yet another great Social Problem for the attention of retired Generals and non-retired Bishops.

PEACE is looked forward to by some foolish people as an era of freedom from fussiness and officialism, respite from red-tape, and the return of the individual into his own. The commandeering of two vast clubs for the purposes of Peace foreshadows the exact reverse. We are likely to be more under the official thumb than ever when the guns have done their work.

TO what sort of an England are the men who have fought likely to return? One has a foretaste of it in to-day's paper. An officer on leave, at Enfield, draws aside the blind for a moment, and opens the window for a breath of fresh air. Next morning, at the local police court, sanctified to drunks and disorderlies, he is fined. Another officer on leave, in mufti, is sitting in a music-hall, when suddenly he is ordered to subject himself to inspection, and to give an explanation why he is not in khaki. Unable to satisfy a policeman that he really is an officer on leave, he is taken to the police station through streets crowded with jeering females and detained there the greater part of the night.

BOTH these officers return to the Front, in a day or two, thanking heaven there's a war on, to which a man may fly to escape the horrors of that "peace" which hangs like a pall over Blighty. You can imagine the state of their mind. They recognise that darkness is an aid to protection against Zepps, in the one case, and in the other, that wholesale rounds-up *may be* an aid to the detection of one or two suspected shirkers. But why, they may well ask, should soldiers who have faced death and hell for their country not be entitled to some protection against measures intended solely for the protection or punishment of the mere civilian? And as a follow-on from such thoughts, there will come the idea: "Is this the sort of England we shall go back to when we've won the war? Because if so——." The rest of the sentence is, happily, inaudible.

BUT the thought is there, all the same, and thousands of our fighting men are thinking it. Does return from the war mean an era of super-Prussian fussiness and petty persecution, at the expense of the men who have faced aforesaid death and hell to destroy Prussianism? The extreme anxiety of the authorities to take over colossal premises for peace-time purposes raises uneasy suspicions as to what the Blighty of to-morrow, when the boys come home, is to be. Have we any guarantee whatever that the normal conditions of the happy life will be restored at all?

I AM no advocate of unrestrained alcoholism, but the closing of places of refreshment, and the forbidding of the beverages that we are accustomed to, and of the little time-honoured habit of hospitality implied in the words "What's yours?"—these are little things, if you like, but they were our own, and we want them back when the time comes. What guarantee have we that the "round-up" will not be stereotyped, and that the authorities will not acquire a positive habit of turning us up to see whether we are stamped, or vaccinated, or chiropodised according to some clause of some act or Order in Council?

WHAT guarantee is there that some Economaniac will not insist on the permanence of the No-Lighting and No-Petrol orders, with the ringing of the curfew as an additional clause? It may be discovered that darkness is in some way good for the health, or the morals, or the complexion, and darkness may, as a result, be a permanent condition of the streets at night-time. What guarantee is there that the Defence of the Realm Act will be torn to tatters, and freedom of speech, freedom of writing, freedom of thought, whether palatable or not to Sir Jack-in-Office, K.C., M.P., handed back intact? Who is to guarantee that the activities of the Crank, the Snob, the Prig, the Prude, the Pedant, the Schoolmaster, the ranting Bishop, the Economaniac, the Teetotaller, the Kill-Joy will cease with the war? He is well-in with the existing *régime*, thanks to his elaborate professions of a highly remunerative patriotism. He sits in Whitehall, or round about, and on every bench, board, or tribunal all over the country. He has enjoyed two years of immunity from youthful criticism, and has had more or less absolute power, in the interests of "winning the war," to do precisely as he has liked with other people's own.

WHAT is going to get Jack out of Office? If nothing, then why end the war at all? Physical death on the battlefield has its advantages if the alternative is moral, social, and spiritual death in one's home.

The Super-Scooter

AN AMERICAN NOTION THAT MAY COME OVER AND HELP US

As a means to "hustle"—the American desideratum—the Auto-push-mobile is the latest scream. It is run by a small gasoline motor, and a very respectable speed can be got out of it, besides any amount of amusement. It is naturally beloved of stage favourites, since its novelty is in itself an advertisement, and Miss Lilian Lorraine and Mr. Dickinson are evidently alive both to its delights and its uses

The Bystander in Paris

A BANK-NOTE WITH A MORAL

I HAVE not made a collection of war-trophies, possibly because in the course of a long experience I have seen so many relics of the war of 1870 with unobtrusive, but quite modern, little marks of betrayal stamped on them, but I have a German helmet and a bit of shell, *comme tout le monde*, and now I have added to my treasures a very dirty bank-note. Strictly speaking, it is not a bank-note at all, but a Chamber of Commerce note, issued by the Chamber of Commerce of ——, ah! but I promised not to mention the name of the town, or how I got there, or when I was there, or any but strictly descriptive details. It used to be an uninteresting little town enough, in the valley of the Somme, and the only time I visited it, before the war, my one ambition was to get out of it as soon as might be. It had historic interest and twenty-five thousand inhabitants. There are about a thousand civilians living in it now and it is full of soldiers. But it isn't the soldiers which make the place lively now, it's the shells. The Germans bombard this little town several times a day and every night. It is an absolute ruin of what it was, and it holds together as precariously as does my filthy little Chamber of Commerce note for tenpence, which has now taken the place of small silver. But the note, like the town, is true to its full face value, for behind both of them is the wonderful courage of the people of France.

❋

DO you people in England realise, I wonder, what the war is in most of these shell-harried towns, from one of which my little *banc*-note comes? You read of them in the newspapers, but I want you to see something more intimately of the life of the people in them. The old lady who gave me the bank-note shrugged her shoulders when I asked her what sort of life she was leading. "But as always!" she said. "Our usual life, but (and humour twinkled in her wrinkles)—a floor lower down, that is all. When the shells come we don't get excited as we used to at first. We say, '*Tiens*, they're bombarding again,' and we go below. Of course, we only go below for the big shells, the 305's. We have got quite used to the others——." I knew this old lady before the war. She amused me very much on my first visit to—to the town which I promised the Mayor I would not mention by name—because of her explanation that she had never been to Paris, or even to Lille, because she was afraid of the taxi-cabs in the streets. And now she goes downstairs into her cellar "only when the 305 shells come." The others don't worry her.

❋

IT is quite a comfortable cellar, as cellars go. It has a tiled floor, a kitchen-table with American cloth on it, a few chairs, a cupboard, a handsome old armchair, some pictures cut from illustrated papers on the walls, a funny old-fashioned bed, a little petrol stove, and a cage with a canary in it. The two old people who live there are extraordinarily happy. They have accustomed themselves to circumstances, they say, and the old man trots about in green tapestry carpet slippers, and the old lady calls my attention to the fact that the beer keeps much cooler and fresher down there than when they had it in the rooms above. The rooms above are mostly in rags now, but the old man is going to build up his house again as soon as the Germans leave off bombarding, he says. "We have a son at the Front," he explained, "and we want to have everything shipshape for him when he comes back again." "Now and then," says the old lady, "when the shelling gets very, very fierce, we have to go down into the cellar, and then we're not quite so comfortable." I looked my astonishment, and the old couple laughed. "I'll show you," said the old man. He lifted a corner of an old carpet which hung on the wall, and I saw a great breach in the wall, and some rough stone steps. The whole town is honeycombed with deep cellars. "They say the Spaniards built them," he said.

I SNIFFED. "Ah, that's the cheeses," he explained. "We used to export thousands of cheeses, hundreds of thousands, and the smell is there still." Right down in the heart of the earth he showed me a little embrasure in the wall. "There," he said. There were two rough wooden benches and a box marked in squares. "We come down here and play draughts on that when the bombardment gets too fierce, my wife and I," said the old man. "Sometimes a shell drops nearer than usual, and then the whole house shakes. I won a game the other day when that happened. My wife got nervous, and I huffed her. She beats me, as a rule—but she lost her head that time." I wish I could reproduce the calm simplicity of this old man's manner. He looked upon his game of draughts which he had won as the most natural and the greatest joke in the world. There wasn't any bombardment that day, and when we went up into the smashed, tormented town I noticed an elderly man fixing slates on a roof. The old man in the green carpet slippers waved his hand to him. "We've got a bet," he said, "as to which of us will get his house in order first when the Germans retreat. He is trying to steal a march on me, the old villain."

❋

I LOOKED at the broken buildings in the near distance, at this rag of a town which had been so dull and so commonplace and so uninteresting when it was un-shelled and prosperous. I looked at my ragged little tenpenny bank-note, which had passed from hand to hand for months and months of war and was worth its full face value still, and I said to myself that I wished the German command could peep, as I had been peeping, into the wonderful hearts of these little old people whom war had transformed into unconscious heroes. And I looked at my little bank-note again, and laughed as I patted it into my pocket book. "*You're* all right!" I said. "You are limp, you are worn, you are dirty, you are only a shadow of the bright silver which you represent, but you are worth your full tenpence, and something inappreciably over, God bless you!"

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

DESPERATION

BY

BERTRAM MUNN

I HAD known her since she was born; indeed, as her mother's family doctor I had been the first to help her on life's rugged journey. I had known her as the jolliest of babies, as the prettiest of flappers, as the most dainty young woman of twenty summers, and lastly as "the happiest girl on earth." That was when she was engaged to Jack Somers. And those were her own words! She looked the part, too—with her eyes and her lips, with her every expression and movement. There was only one greater joy to come. As an old doctor I knew it; but I did not tell her.

And then came the war. Her own and Jack's friends began slipping away from them into the great endless ranks of khaki. She seemed to crumple up, completely.

"You don't think he'll go, doctor?" she said.

"My dear," I answered, "we're all wanted. I only wish I were young enough."

She went a shade whiter, and I felt a hypocrite for having said the last words. It is so easy to talk.

"But," she continued, quickly, "there's his mother. Could the business go on without Jack?"

"His secretary is a capable man," I suggested.

She did not answer. She just stood still, looking down at the toe of her shoe, her hands twitching nervously. I felt sorry for her. It is always the women who suffer. The men go out in big, jolly crowds. There is excitement, and bustle, and no time to think. But the girl behind—she is alone, with to-morrow to think and the day after—and, perhaps, a whole life-time.

I placed my hand on her shoulder.

"Come! You must cheer up, little woman," I said. "He's not going, perhaps. What's he said about it?"

"Nothing!" she replied. "He's hesitating because of me He. . . . Oh! we're so fond of one another! He knows—he *must* know—that life would be nothing without him, and . . ." She clung to my arm piteously. "Doctor, I can't give him up. . . . You . . . you'll help me, won't you? If he speaks to you. . . ."

I interrupted her, hating myself for preaching.

"You must be brave," I said, "and unselfish. The women must help as much as the men." I told her of my boy's mother; of how she had kept from him her own anguish; of how, with a breaking heart, she had seen him leave for the front less than a week before; of how she had smiled up to the last; and then—of how she had come back to fight it out with herself.

"I know I'm selfish," she half-sobbed, "but . . . oh! What is one in so many millions. He's nothing to them; but he is all my life and soul to me, doctor. I don't fear death. I'd go out with him. I'd bear all his hardships and sufferings willingly. It's not that! It's . . . it's the lifetime afterwards, the lifetime I shall have to think . . . and think. . . . I couldn't bear it. . . ." She broke down, sobbing like a child.

I could say little more. She was suffering too keenly. How keenly she had suffered in her own room in the dark hours of the night I dared not have guessed. Her white face, her large piteous eyes, and the trace of sadness about her once laughing lips had given me an inkling of her thoughts. If she gave way to me, what must she have felt in her own soul, where one's torments hammer day and night?

I raised her head, which had found its way on to my shoulder.

"My dear," I remarked, "what will Jack say when he sees you this evening?"

With an effort she pulled herself together. "I feel an awful fright," she managed to say, attempting to dry her eyes with a diminutive piece of cambric.

"And your hair!" I exclaimed.

With womanly deftness she straightened it.

"Now," I said. "Cold water is the best thing for those red eyes and that pink nose. Run along!"

She left me—on the verge of tears again.

. . . . . .

A week later I met them both in the street.

He was in khaki. She looked proud of him—proud of every inch of those six odd feet of manhood. Her face was pale, with a bright red spot on each cheek, a sure sign of suppressed excitement, of a strung-up emotion strangled by sheer force of will.

"My soldier!" she said, with a queer little catch in her voice.

I gave him my hand.

"We old men . . ." I remarked. "There's nothing but the police force left for us!"

He laughed good-humouredly, running over with vitality, immensely pleased with his uniform, and the girl by his side, and life in general.

"I've started receiving mittens already," he joked. "Astonishing where all the wool comes from!"

"Yes!" I answered. "Even the sheep are doing their bit!"

We walked on a little way together, talking and joking, as if there were no such thing as the shadow of death in the air, and a lifetime of happiness in the balance. Even Marjorie herself seemed to have caught a touch of his gaiety. She laughed, several times. But somehow it did not ring quite true. They were not the old laughs which came from deep down inside, and displayed two twinkling rows of white teeth and set up little wrinkles round the eyes. I knew that she was making a brave effort, that by some means she had schooled herself to face the inevitable. But it was obvious that the strain was telling on her. It showed in her large serious brown eyes, when she forgot her part for the moment and slipped back to the elemental things of the heart.

I wondered if she would struggle through the six months of training before him, and whether he would guess the fight she was putting up for his sake. Probably

(All rights strictly reserved)

he would not. He was very young, and the young are notoriously unobservant. I could imagine his saying each evening when he left her: "No worrying, little girl!" And she would reply, "No, Jack!" And he would go away a little pleased with his understanding of women, with his big masculine way of handling life. While she would creep away battered and frightened to the inner sanctum of her bed and the great solemn darkness of night. . . .

. . . . . .

The days slipped by into weeks and the weeks into months. News drifted in from the front of men wounded and killed, of great fights won and lost, of deeds of heroism which would go shining down through the ages.

And then at last the time came for him to leave.

I saw them both the evening before.

She was clothed in a blue serge skirt and a white silk blouse; her only adornment was a plain gold chain and pendant. She looked very soft and frail beside his bronzed face and hands and his great marching boots. She was being jolly to the end—behaving like a true woman.

But I could see the strain. She was worn out; dragging up her last drop of energy to keep going. It was a great fight, as great a fight as ever her soldier would wage.

He was sitting in an easy chair, his huge boots extended towards the comforting blaze of the fire, and she was seated on the arm, unable to leave him either in thought or body.

Watching them, I wondered what it was all for. He and she were offering everything. What would they receive in exchange? If they came through the bloody turmoil and murder of it unscathed, what would they gain? Would they be any better off than on the yesterday of peace? The world has, perhaps, discovered no finer destiny than to die for an ideal. But unsatisfied with that alone, fate demands still another sacrifice—the woman, too, must pay. She must pay in silence, with none to sing her undying fame. It is the irony of her physical weakness, and the splendour of her strength. . . .

When I eventually rose to go they accompanied me to the hall door.

The last glimpse I saw of them was his figure outlined against the brightness of the lighted hall, with hers near by and—I suspect—an arm around it.

. . . . . .

Twenty-four hours later he was brought into my surgery in a half-fainting condition. They had brought him in a cab, straight from the station. Marjorie was with him, white-faced and shaking. She tried to explain. She had been saying goodbye. The train had been all abustle with excitement, hundreds of soldiers going away to the front. In the rush something happened. The carriage door had been slammed to—his hand had been. . . . She buried her face in her hands and shuddered, unable to continue.

I sent her out of the room while I examined his hand. It was crushed and torn, the bones of his fingers had been splintered like wood. The loss of blood must have been terrific. I rang up another doctor for consultation. Decision was urgent.

On my way back from the telephone Marjorie came out of the waiting-room and stopped me.

"Is it serious, doctor?"

"It is," I answered. "It will mean the loss of at least three fingers—perhaps even the hand. Unfortunately, it's the right hand, too."

"That means he will be unable to . . . to go out to the front?" she said, with an effort.

I looked at her quickly. Her teeth were clenched, but there was a fierce look of joy in her eyes.

"He won't be able to think of that now," I answered. "His right hand will be useless for a rifle, at any rate; and . . ." I stopped suddenly and stared at her.

She seemed to anticipate my thoughts.

"Doctor," she said, "I *must* tell you. The suspense has nearly killed me. Day and night, night and day, I have seen him die a hundred times over. I would have done anything to stop him going out there. And then . . . at the station . . . when everything seemed hopeless . . . there were just a few minutes left, and . . . his hand was grasping the doorway. It came to me suddenly. I couldn't help it. I slammed the door to and . . ."

"Good God!" I said.

BERTRAM MUNN

OH! MY HAT!

THE VICARESS: "John, dear, what do you think about this?"
THE VICAR: "Nothing, my dear, nothing! My Bishop would strongly object!

The Englishman's Lodgings

BY "EFEMERA." *Illustrated by Hill Clarke*

"Playful lodgers"

British Institutions

To anyone not of British birth and education the lodging-house habit must be a deep and impenetrable mystery. It is the same, of course, with a good many British institutions, notably the use of the title "sir," which has always been a stumbling-block to the guileless foreigner: he cannot see why Sir Jones or Sir Smith should not be the proper way to address a knight or baronet. Sir John, *tout court*, savours to his mind of undue intimacy. There are also the public school and the English stage, both of them enigmas to the Continental mind, but all these are nothing in comparison with lodgings.

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Conservatism

The habit, when on holiday, of taking rooms is thoroughly British. Why we do it I do not know, unless for the inadequate reason that our grandparents and great grandparents did so before us. But then we might as well travel by coach or post-chaise and take the air in the family barouche. However, we are a conservative nation, and it is natural for us to cling to ancient tradition. What other country would have kept intact such venerable customs as the Lord Mayor's Show and the lodging-house? They remain, amidst a raging sea of change, monuments of the past.

❀ ❀

Drawbacks of the "Pension"

The foreigner, when business or pleasure takes him from home, goes to a hotel or a *pension*, or, if domestically inclined, he plants his family in a house taken by the month. This is much too simple a solution for the average English man or woman—you see, it fails to combine the discomforts of a home with those of a temporary abiding-place. Stopping in a *pension* you do not have to do your own marketing, or even entrust the carrying out of your orders to the ability, goodwill, and honesty of your landlady. You know exactly what your living is going to cost you, there is no pleasing sense of insecurity. If you forget to buy or order your dinner you are not obliged either to go without or to rush madly about in search of a friendly restaurant.

❀ ❀

What is a Castle?

If you take a furnished house, there is very little difference from being at home. You can regulate your meal hours exactly as you wish, you can put away in a cupboard such of the *lares et penates* of the owner as clash too violently with your personal tastes. The house for the time being is your castle, you can make yourself as comfortable as your wishes and your means dictate; in fact, so far as change is concerned, you might almost as well never have left home at all—a dismal business to those of an adventurous nature.

❀ ❀

Æsthetic Joys

Now the lodger, male or female, labours under no such disability. He or she can enjoy to the full the delirious pleasure of crowding his or her person and belongings into the stuffiest of rooms. He or she can feast admiring eyes upon the landlady's collection of *bric-à-brac*, vases of singular and excruciating design, cups and saucers, decalcomania-ed pots, crocheted antimacassars, genuinely antique cushions, embroidered plush lambrequins, illuminated texts, sea-shells, and

(Continued on page 504)

"A sense of adventure"

THE ENGLISHMAN'S LODGINGS (concluded from page 563)

family portraits daringly executed in crayons, not to mention photographs and pictures, the latter being, apparently, the grateful tribute of former artistic patrons resting from their labours of the pavement.

"Exercise in economy"

The Playful Lodger

THE furniture provides one with agreeable surprises, even a sense of adventure. You never know when the game leg of the sofa in the corner will give way beneath you or at what precise moment the table will refuse to support any longer the burden of the tea-tray. The piano, too, is a source of endless amusement. Many an otherwise dull evening can be whiled away by betting on which note will stick next. Those acquainted with the lodging-house piano can win any amount of money at this simple game. Blind-man's buff in a room six feet by twelve and populated by the afore-mentioned piano, a sofa, a dresser, two or three tables, and half a dozen chairs has all the excitement of big-game shooting in the jungle, and there is almost as much danger to life and limb, not to mention the long-suffering purse when the bill for breakages comes in.

❀ ❀

Exercise in Economy

NOT the least amongst the advantages of lodgings is the scope afforded for the exercise of ingenuity. People may talk about making sixpence do the work of a shilling, but that is nothing to making a pint of warmish water do the work of a whole bath. One counts each glittering drop with the avaricious passion of a miser—the slightest splash or slop-over undoes the whole of one's calculations. The problem of disposing one's wardrobe is one that demands the nicest care. Supposing you have arrived with a couple of boxes and a suit-case and the accommodation amounts to three pegs on the wall and two and a half drawers—why, it is as good as a return to the arithmetic of one's childhood, when one strove vainly with wrinkled forehead and ink-stained fingers to make something go into nothing.

❀ ❀

The Retort Courteous

GREAT pleasure is to be derived from a study of the landlady's character. She may be genteel, cross her hands on her apron, and abound in allusions to an affluent past, she may affect curl-papers and a simper, or she may belong to the stern and forbidding type whom one would never dare to accuse of having burnt the joint or snatched away candle-ends untimely. Of whatever kind she may be, one thing is certain: should the unhappy lodger venture to complain of undue liveliness in her immediate surroundings, this is the invariable answer, delivered with a sniff and every evidence of righteous indignation: "All I can say, mum, is that you must have brought them with you." Who would not sacrifice comfort, economy, and everything else for the joy of hearing so fresh and brilliant a repartee?

EFEMERA

ENVOI

When after weary months of toil
We take a holiday,
We seem to do our best to spoil,
In every kind of way,
What ought decidedly to be
A time from care and worry free.

Bound hand and foot in custom's chains
Whene'er from home we go,
We turn our pleasures into pains,
Enjoyment into woe;
And pine, throughout the days—and nights!
For Home's (comparative) delights!

The varied horrors that we find
In lodgings by the sea,
Here brought so forcibly to mind,
Astonish us that we,
With such discomforts, great or small,
Ever take holidays at all!

F. R. B.

"The retort courteous"

—As Others See Us!

THE SERGEANT-MAJOR—FROM THE RECRUITS' POINT OF VIEW

THE RECRUITS—FROM THE SERGEANT-MAJOR'S POINT OF VIEW

BELLICOSITIES

THE Boches on the Somme Front seem to have shown a diminished eagerness to face the music since the favourite overture to recent British advances has been "*Tanc-redi*."

✲

AMONG their other merits, the "Tanks" have been prolific laughter-makers for our irrepressible hero-wags at the Front. But, after all, they have produced the best joke of the lot from the enemy's camp. They have actually caused the gentle Hun to protest against "butchery"!

✲

"GREEK KING FINDS A NEW PREMIER," announced a news placard last week. But if Tino isn't wise in time, it appears more than likely that the next Greek Premier may have to find a new King.

✲

AS an evidently friendly correspondent naïvely informs us, "M. Calogeropoulos is one of the cleverest lawyers in Greece." Well, we know Greece, and we know lawyers; so we seem to have ample data for measuring the precise value of the new Premier's "very benevolent neutrality towards the *Entente* Powers."

✲

LORD MILNER'S recommendation that the State should take over the distribution and sale of coal to the public will probably have to be adopted sooner or later. When all is said and done, what more suitable job for a Coal-ition Government?

✲

THE lately announced fact that "Major Churchill" has been put into the reserve is not, we fear, very encouraging for those who have been hoping against hope for an indication that recent experiences have put some reserve into "Major Churchill."

✲

THAT unrivalled master of startling fiction, Mr. H. G. Wells, enhanced his reputation last week by shouting "FREE TRADE IS PEACE" across the leader-page of the *Daily Chronicle*. But if it isn't "Peace," at any rate it *is* "Peaceful Penetration"; and don't we jolly well know it?

✲

"BRITANNIA rules the skies!" ramped an exuberant "young lion" of a daily paper the other morning. Of course she does; and, what's more, we never have any cause to doubt the continuance of her rain—sorry, reign.

✲

FROM Paris we are told that orange-juice is being administered to soldiers as a cure both for the drink and the tobacco "crave." But the patients in both cases are understood to complain of a remedy which seems only too well calculated to give them the "pip."

✲

"TARIFF for Trousers," proclaimed an arresting *Express* headline one day last week. But, on coming to look, we found it was concerned with the Army contracts business, and that our accepted fiscal system had still, apparently, suffered no "breaches."

✲

PROFESSOR RUBNER says that it has been proved experimentally that the average German could exist for a month even when deprived of food entirely. Evidently by reducing waist to a minimum, and, like the camel, living on his "hump."

✲

THE Professor also declares that many people can easily lose half a stone or so without being handicapped in anyway in the struggle for existence. Unhappy Teuton! He asks for bread and is deprived of half a stone.

✲

NO wonder our war expenditure continually expands. Look how it contracts.

✲

THOUGH our gallant seamen are still proud of belonging to "the silent service," it is not to be denied that British naval achievements have just lately provided material for a considerable amount of Noyes.

✲

KING "TINO" is understood to have only yielded to the demands of the Allies when it was represented to him that the choice lay between giving up control of his telegraphs and being deprived of his post.

✲

GALLANT little Wales, it seems, has been very shocked to find that ladies who work on the land in—er—slacks, are showing a disinclination to return to skirts in their play-time. It is not the first time that those asked to step into breeches, have declined to step out. It is the first step that counts.

DIFFICULT!

"'Anged if I know wot to do. 'Ere's the Captain given me horders to wake 'im at six o'clock—an' 'e didn't go to bed till seven!"

"And what will you do, Dear?"

"OH, I'll wait for you outside. I've brought some Kenilworths, so I shall be all right. A man can always put up with his own company for a bit if he's got a Kenilworth to smoke."

Kenilworths are the most soothing and seductive cigarettes imaginable.

It isn't only the exquisite golden Virginia tobacco inside that makes a Kenilworth such a pleasure to smoke. It is the way the tobacco is put there, in long fine strands laid neatly side by side.

No lumps, no dust—nothing to spoil your enjoyment of the pure Virginia tobacco, the sweet Virginia fragrance.

The price of Kenilworths is only 1/- for 20, but you can't buy a better cigarette in Bond Street, even for double the money. All good tobacconists sell Kenilworths.

Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf yielding a fascinating aroma. They will compare favourably with any Virginia Cigarettes you can obtain, no matter how high the price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/- for 20; 2/4 for 50; 4/8 for 100. If your Tobacconist does not stock them, send his name and address and 1/- in stamps for sample box post free.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post Kenilworth Cigarettes to Soldiers at the Front specially packed in airtight tins of 50 at 2/6 per 100, duty free. Postage 1/- for 200 to 300; 1/4 up to 900. Minimum order 200. Order through your tobacconist or send remittance direct to us.

Postal Address: 12, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool.

COPE BROS. & CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL & LONDON.

Manufacturers of High Class Cigarettes.

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

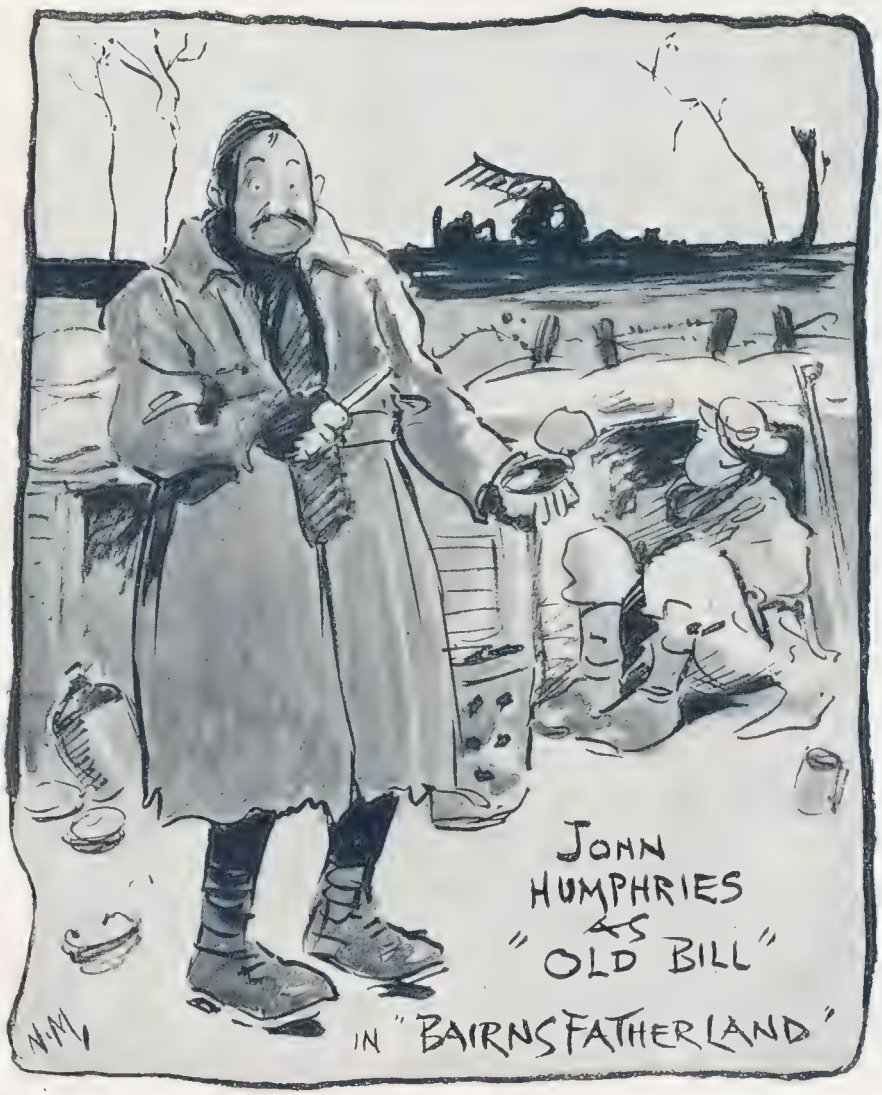
The Bairnsfather Touch

IN REVUE : ALSO "THE HAWK" AT THE ROYALTY

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"FLYING COLOURS"
At the Hippodrome

THE new Hippodrome Revue is a gorgeous mixture of the beautiful and the droll. Among other striking scenes the fashion parade is very attractive. Lovely ladies acting as mannequins, and attired in the very latest fashions, stroll through the centre of the audience in superb "creations," just to show us, no doubt, what our lady friends could wear if that sort of thing had not been reprehended by flaming posters on the walls and hoardings. Another scene of rich colour and beauty is laid in sunny Spain, where all the hues of the rainbow, and two or three others that have since been invented, are tastefully mingled in a most fascinating display. Among the humorous items, the scene of the riding school will probably tickle the most jaded palate with its boisterous humour. Here Miss Ray Cox appears as an American lady who wishes to be taught to ride, and she takes her first lesson on the stage before us. The accompanying dialogue is extremely bright and happy, and the frenzied contortions of the "willing pupil" having her first ride are very laughable.



BUT the gem of the entertainment is the sketch, *Bairnsfatherland*, the happy title of a lifelike scene from the trenches which has been prepared by two experts, Captain Bruce Bairnsfather of THE BYSTANDER and Lance-Corporal B. Macdonald Hastings. Mr. John Humphries (who is the life and soul of the piece) is made up with a happy fidelity to represent the war-worn soldier who looks like a sea-lion, and whose appearance is criticised by his comrades accordingly; while Mr. Charles Berkeley is "Our Bert" to the life. His idea of awakening a sleeping comrade to inform him in confidence that there is a war on, was very happy. The audience, which, by the way, contained quite an unusual proportion of khaki, caught every point immediately, and the sketch went from first to last amid a storm of laughing and cheering that guaranteed its complete success.

"THE HAWK"
At the Royalty Theatre

A HAWK, it appears, is a degenerated eagle. George de Dasetta is a descendant of the robber barons of Hungary, who swooped eagle-like from their mountain castles to waylay

(Continued on page 570)

'To CURE—is the Voice of the Past.
To PREVENT—is the Divine Whisper
of the Present.'

INDOOR WORKERS

When brainwork, nerve strain, and lack of exercise make you feel languid—tired—"blue"—a little

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

This world-famous natural aperient for over 40 years has been the standard remedy for constipation, biliousness, impure blood and indigestion.

It is pleasant and convenient to take, gentle in action, positive in results. The safest and most dependable digestive regulator.

It is *not* from what a man swallows, but from what he digests *that* the blood is made, and remember that the first act of digestion is chewing the food *thoroughly*, and that it is only through doing so that you can reasonably expect a good digestion.

Unsuitable food and eating between meals are a main cause of indigestion, &c., because introducing a fresh mass of food into the mass already partly dissolved arrests the healthy action of the stomach, and causes the food first received to lie until incipient fermentation takes place.

A Judicious Rule.—"1st, Restrain your appetite, and get always up from table with a desire to eat more. 2nd, *Do not touch anything that does not agree with your stomach, be it most agreeable to the palate.*" These rules have been adopted in principle by all dieticians of eminence, and we recommend their use.

'A LITTLE at the RIGHT TIME, is better than Much and Running Over at the Wrong.'

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' IS SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND STORES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

PREPARED ONLY BY

J. C. ENO, LTD., 'Fruit Salt' Works, London, S.E.

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (continued from page 568)

"THE HAWK" AT THE ROYALTY

the travelling caravan and to pocket the swag in unwieldy quantities. The instinct of his ancestors

SPANISH DANCERS

is strong in him, but he lives in London, where the opportunities for picturesque highway robbery on a large scale are absurdly limited. Therefore the family trait compels him to become a mere hawk and to take up the distressing industry of card-sharping; and as we see him collect debts of "honour" that run into thousands it is clear that he makes a very comfortable thing of his hereditary taint. He is aided and abetted in his career by his charming wife, who, with the most delightful naïveté in the world, deftly passes to him under the table a card which will be of more use to his hand than her own. Talk about luck!

⁂

GEORGE DE DASETTA adores his wife. All his extravagant living is due to the fact that he cannot resist buying her expensive jewels from time to time, and encouraging her to purchase more than she requires in the way of frocks and gowns—and the usual extras. He professes the belief that "a man should treat his wife as if she were the wife of another man"; and he lives up to his creed magnificently. The flaw in this cynical creed shows itself when the Countess de Dasetta complains that she is being treated more like a doll than a woman. Indeed, a wife who finds her mouth daintily stopped, as it were, with a gaud or a bauble whenever she opens it may have reason to complain that she is not so much the wife of her husband as his decorative extra of the moment.

⁂

THEN Richard Phillimore comes along. Richard is a young man in the diplomatic service, who is spoken of as having a prospect of becoming an Ambassador some day. As, however, Richard seems to have the kind of face that gives away the secrets of his heart even to the most unobservant, I should doubt if he would be a very good man for a job which has been cruelly defined as "lying in the service of your country." He has not very much money, but he has a warm heart, and hugs quite nicely; and when he is holding the Countess in his arms she feels that he is looking through the windows of her soul and admiring the view. And it is generally understood that when a woman reaches this stage of ecstacy the man is her master from that moment. I have, of course, no first-hand experience of this state of affairs; but I read a lot about it once in a French novel, and, to me, in my guileless innocence, it sounds as if it might be true.

ONE night at cards, George is cheating with his usual magnificent success, when Richard catches the Countess in the act of passing over to her husband the extra card necessary to complete his royal flush. After the game Richard takes the fair Countess on one side, and preaches her a moral lecture on the sin of cheating at cards. She is so impressed by his kind and touching words that she passes them on to her husband, declaring that she will never cheat at cards again, as her eyes are opened and she has found the light at last. Or words to that effect. In the course of the angry discussion that ensues George finds out that she got her new scruples from Richard, who is thus deemed to be her lover. So George tells his Countess to go to her lover, and—well, it's in the play, so I can't very well be locked up for repeating it—be damned.

⁂

GEORGE leaves London *en route* for the wide, wide world. He is heard of in Vienna, Monte Carlo, Rome, and other expensive places embraced by Cook's tours. Richard wants to find him so that a divorce

(Continued on page 574)

TWO GREAT PREMIERS

THE PREMIER
1828-1830.

DUKE of WELLINGTON (1769-1852). This famous soldier after his victories in the Peninsular and Waterloo became Premier in 1828. His period of office was noted for the passing of the Catholics' Emancipation Bill.

"Premier"

The Whisky de Luxe

THE 'PREMIER'
OF TO-DAY.

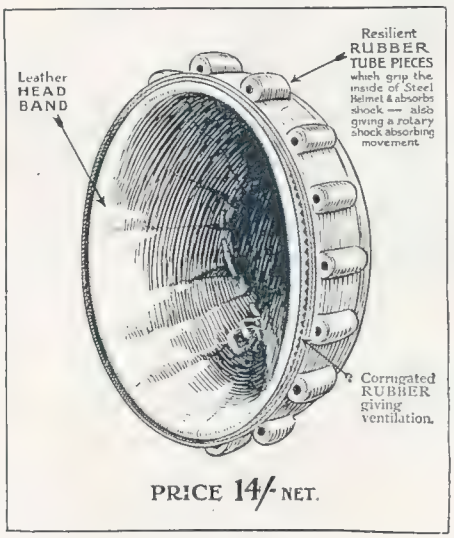
is the highest achievement in the blending of whiskies —it is, indeed, an inspiration. Of full strength, yet beautifully light and smooth and having a delicate flavour and bouquet—the finest whisky that Scotland produces.

Wright & Greig, Ltd.,
Distillers of
"RODERICK DHU."
GLASGOW & LONDON.

You can wear your Steel Helmet with —— Comfort ——

and it will seem only half the weight if you use the new "L.B." adapter lining *(Registered)*.

Many testimonials of the comfort and efficiency of this lining have already been received from Officers at the Front.



PRICE 14/- NET.

Packing in wood box and postage to the Front, **2/-**

You can fit it yourself in your own helmet.

No fastening required—Distributes weight.

Provides ventilation—Minimises concussion.

Supplied in all sizes to fit all heads.

Ladies desiring to send one of these linings to a relative or friend at the front should send us if possible a top hat, bowler, or straw boater of his from which to take the exact shape and dimensions of his head, otherwise state ordinary hat size.

Write to :—

Lincoln Bennett & Co., Ltd.

40, Piccadilly, London, W.

And 78, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.,

For Descriptive Pamphlet.

Cigars on approval

Uncle Pet

"They are not m
at, but they're jo
smoke. I've be
cigars for 30
ought to know.
"They are ju
tobacco rolled

If you have not already tried Martins Panatellas, will you try them at our expense? Allow us to send you a barrel of 100. Smoke half-a-dozen. If you like them, and decide to keep them, we ask you to pay the cost, viz: 18/6 a barrel of 100 Long Panatellas, or 15/- a barrel of 100 Short Panatellas. If you do not wish to keep them, please return the remaining 94 and there the matter will end. You need not feel under the slightest obligation for having smoked the half-a-dozen.

We take the risk

of sending Panatellas on approval, because 99 out of every 100 smokers who try them buy them —and order again and again—they become regular customers.

Martins Panatellas are the ideal war-time cigar. Remarkably cheap—and remarkably good.

They are cheap because they are roughly made; all the value is in the actual leaf, none of it in the workmanship. "Just a bit of good tobacco rolled up anyhow" describes them perfectly.

MARTINS Panatellas

are delightfully mild, yet possess a sweet, nutty flavour. You can smoke them all day long without the slightest trace of "headiness." For out-o'-doors, there is no cigar more satisfying, none more enjoyable than Martins Panatellas.

For this reason they have caught on with the out-door man at home, and with naval and military officers at-the-front in a way no other cigar has ever caught on before. We are selling *millions* of them. Even so, we don't ask you to take our word for their wonderful quality, or buy on chance: Fill in the coupon below and try them for yourself before you buy. Make their acquaintance, and you'll thank us for having introduced Martins Panatellas to you.

SHORT Panatellas 15/- per 100 Price for men at-the-front, 10/- per 100. Duty Free Post Free.

LONG Panatellas 18/6 per 100 Price for men at-the-front 11/- per 100. Duty Free Post Free.

Martins

6 Doors from Piccadilly Circus

210. Piccadilly. London. W.

Dear Sirs:—Please send me one sealed barrel of 100 Martins Panatellas for me to sample entirely at your risk.

I will smoke half-a-dozen, and if I find I like them and decide to keep them, I will remit the cost to you within 14 days of receiving the barrel.

On the other hand, if I do not decide to keep the barrel, I will return the remaining 94 Panatellas to you within 14 days, and there the matter will end without any further obligation on my part.

I have pinned my card or printed notepaper to this Coupon.

NOTE.—Martins Ltd. have to make this stipulation to prevent applications from youngsters.

I wish you to send the { LONG at 18/6 per 100 / SHORT at 15/- „ „ } *Strike out size not required.*

Name.....

Address.....

Date..... 286

FREE TRIAL coupon

A Drama of Hearts

The new piece at the Royalty, "The Hawk," finds its most thrilling incident in a game of poker; our artist has ingeniously contrived the titles of his sketches to suit this environment. The play was a signal triumph for Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded from page 570*)

can be arranged; and one day George turns up. He is no longer the well-dressed man about town of yore. His clothes are shabby and far too thin for the cold time of the year. He has also developed a habit of taking morphia, and drinking neat brandy, and I have always understood that neither of these habits is really good for the health. Richard offers George eight thousand pounds to consent to a divorce—if the King's Proctor was in the house that night he must have been shocked beyond words at such wickedness.

❋

GEORGE, however, will not take the money. He says he will only consent to the divorce if his wife will ask for it herself. And when she comes to him to ask it, she learns that he has only a few shillings in the world; that although he can gamble with success, he has now no heart for the job. In the old days he did it all for her, and now that she is no longer there, he cares nothing for himself. And so she persuades a friend to give her husband a post abroad with a salary of two thousand a year, and goes back to him to be his real wife. In this scene Mr. Dennis Eadie gives some of the best acting of the evening; and Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat as the erring wife, in the usual clinging gown inevitably associated with plays of passion, throws herself into the usual attitudes with convincing energy.

JINGLE

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

MISS IDA ADAMS

By an inadvertence, it was stated in a recent issue that this charming actress was to appear in the new Gaiety play. This is not the case; she has been engaged for Mr. C. B. Cochrane's new musical play, "Houp-La!" by Paul Rubens and Hugh Wright, at the St. Martin's Theatre

Taking Cover

The "Rilette" paintings to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley visualise the lighter side of a drab war. Reproductions in colour on art paper will be forwarded free to officers in H.M. Forces upon application.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

A NOTE TO
OFFICERS COMMANDING CADET UNITS

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

BECAUSE it is a subject upon which I can claim an authoritative knowledge, I wish to briefly discuss the Uniform Allowance of £8 for Cadets.

This allowance of £8 represents a preliminary advance on the £50 outfit allowance due to Cadets on being commissioned. The £8 is expended in clothing under orders of the Officer Commanding each unit.

The problem for the Commanding Officers is to obtain the best possible equipment for their Cadets. Extreme zeal, commendable as it is, is liable to foster an undue regard for the quantity of the articles supplied, and an insufficient regard for the quality of the materials.

According to the Army Council instructions, Cadets only wear their uniforms when walking out and for ceremonial purposes. This involves little wear, but if these uniforms are not of the best grade, they will be of no use for subsequent wear on active service, and the preliminary expenditure will have been wasted.

It is essential to emphasise that prices of the best quality khaki materials have again risen considerably, and the following outfit, produced by Pope & Bradley, represents the minimum charge of a House with the first reputation in London for Military style.

WAR OFFICE £8 CADET OUTFIT

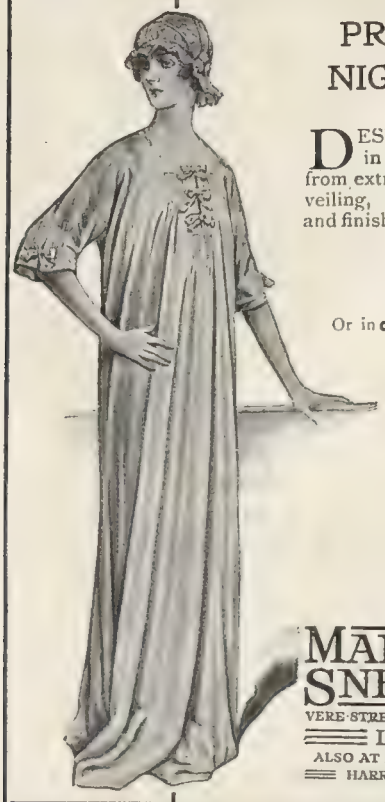
comprising:—**Service Jacket, Infantry or Bedford Cord Breeches, 2 Shirts, 4 Collars, Silk Tie, Pair Puttees.**

The outfit specified above is slightly more comprehensive than the War Office regulation.

New Naval and Military Kit List of every Service requirement will be forwarded on application.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C



PRACTICAL NIGHTDRESS

DESIGNED and made in our own workrooms from extra fine quality nuns-veiling, entirely handmade and finished with ribbon bows

Price
21/9

Or in crêpe de Chine, *29/6*

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W
ALSO AT LEEDS SCARBOROUGH
HARROGATE AND YORK

Catalogue Post Free.

"Viyella"
(Regd. Trade Mark).

Advance in Prices.

ON AUGUST 1st, 1916, the price of "VIYELLA" was advanced to the public.

Reluctant as we, the spinners and manufacturers of "Viyella," were to take the step, the high prices which now have to be paid for raw material and everything else incidental to the production of the cloth, really left us no option in the matter.

According to competent authorities, the average cost of clothing materials has advanced 55 per cent. since the beginning of the War. "Viyella," however, costs only about a third more than it did just before the War, not an important advance when everything is taken into account, and certainly not in comparison with most other fabrics. "Viyella" wears and washes so well that it is always cheap in the long run.

"Viyella" Shirts can be obtained in regulation khakis and greys, and both Shirts and Pyjamas in plain cream and a wide range of smart stripes of all high-class Outfitters.

The manufacturers will be pleased to forward name and address of your nearest or otherwise suitable "Viyella" Outfitter upon request, together with samples of the material and interesting booklet, "A Material Consideration."

Wm. Hollins and Co., Ltd. (Trade only), 3a, Viyella House, Newgate St., London, E.C.

The Most Charming Place in London.

Formosa Oolong Tea Rooms

36, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

Charges Moderate. . . . . Service Admirable.
Music Daily. . . Open on Sundays for Teas Only.

LUNCHEONS, TEAS, and DINNERS

Here you can obtain the world-famous

FORMOSA OOLONG TEA

PURE per lb. 2/10, 3/10 BLEND per lb. 2/7, 3/4, 4/4

Formosa Oolong Teas (Pure and Blended) can be obtained at Ridgways, Ltd., London; R. Twining & Co., Ltd., London; and Andrew Melrose & Co., Edinburgh, and their branches and agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

THE CAMERON S.S.F. FOUNTAIN PEN
(Safety Self-Filling)

10/6 10/6

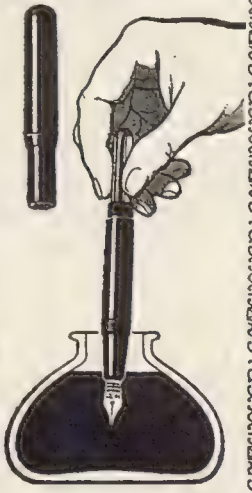
Cameron
THE MARK of QUALITY

Simplicity.—There is no mechanism to go out of order.

Safety. — When the Pen is screwed up there is no aperture from which ink can escape.

Stability. — The Nib is of heavy 14-ct. Gold, and is iridium tipped. British manufacture.

Just press the bar and it fills instantly.



With Waverley Nib **12/6**
With Hindoo Nib **15/-**

Write for Illustrated List—
WAVERLEY PEN WORKS
Watery Lane, Birmingham.

They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen.

Books of the Week

TWO WAR BOOKS

The War and Thereabouts

THE war correspondents have been having rather a better time of it lately. The Tanks, in particular, have been a godsend to them. And what with the Somme film and the official photographs those of us who remain in England are beginning to get a peep into things as they really are out there. But while columns are filled daily with what is going on actually at the Front, little enough appears about what may be going on 'way back behind the lines. A really truthful volume, for instance, about life in Germany to-day would make interesting reading. But even about our Allies we get little enough information. France, we know, has changed; she has become just a great Purpose. But we are not told very much about French life to-day.

The Background of Battle

Wherefore it is good to get hold of a book like Dell Leigh's *The Background of Battle* (Hodder and Stoughton: 2*s.* 6*d.* net). Its author's business in France is not definitely stated, but you imagine that it has something to do with the Red Cross. Whatever it is, it has enabled him to obtain more than a mere glimpse of the France of to-day, and his letters home are exceedingly interesting. In France, it appears, it is almost impossible to travel even to the next town. The mere fact that you wish to travel at all (unless it be fully armed towards the trenches of the Boches) is enough to make you suspect. But if, like Mr. Dell Leigh, you do succeed in getting round the French officials, you may see many extraordinary things. Mr. Leigh describes a visit to the Latin quarter as it is to-day. He tells a wonderful story of an American doctor with a fluid which removes all pain during an operation, and leaves no ill-effects in its trail. (Or is supposed not to: you feel you want to be told of the sequel in this case.)

Travelling in France

Another tale of travelling in France comes from the pen of the late Richard Harding Davis, the American correspondent than whom the Allies had no warmer friend. *With the French in France and Salonika* (Duckworth: 3*s.* 6*d.* net) fitly supplements his earlier war-book, *With the Allies*. Davis was of the best type of correspondent, and seems to have got round the hearts of even the stoniest Generals. He met with innumerable adventures, and had the satisfaction of presenting a letter from Roosevelt to President Poincaré. There is an interesting chapter, no less so because it was written almost a year ago, on King Constantine's neutrality. And a little of the veil is lifted from those mysterious places in the Balkans which to-day are carelessly grouped together and called Salonika—a name which to some ignoramuses seems to stand for a huge stretch of country rather than for the cosmopolitan port it really is. R. S.

SCOTTISH OFFICER

The canny Scot all the world over is a *rale guid* judge of value, and although supposed to be slow in the *uptak* he is never slow in finding out and keeping hold of a good thing. In no better way is this keen national characteristic shown than in the choice of a cigarette, and, having found "Cavander's Army Club Cigarettes," he never fails to advise all his "brither Scots" to sample his selection. He says they are "*unco guid!*" and re-e-e-le fine smokin'.

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"The Brook Kerith" *

OBVIOUSLY it is useless to expect the strictly orthodox to have any use at all for Mr. George Moore's book, *The Brook Kerith*. To ask a man to admire a book whose entire theme takes for granted that which, if generally accepted, would, in his opinion, entail the perpetual damnation of the whole world, is as if one were to ask a man to admire the beautiful lines of a Zeppelin engaged at that very moment in dropping bombs on his wife, his children, and his dearest friends. Only to the unorthodox can Mr. Moore's book hope to appeal, and not even in that section to what, taking "a" as the most orthodox, we may call sub-sections "a" to "m." In sub-sections "n" to "z" and the frank unbelievers Mr. Moore must find his public.

Camera Portrait *Alvin Langdon Coburn*

MR. GEORGE MOORE

The author of the much-discussed book, "The Brook Kerith," reviewed on this page

FORTUNATELY for him, however, the great majority of educated Englishmen are to be found hovering between "n" and "z," nearer probably to "z" than "n," and to these *The Brook Kerith* will come as a revelation of beauty and true religious feeling. What is more, the author's interpretation of the psychology of Jesus seems to be quite in accord with what, three years ago, we should have called the *Zeitgeist* (in English: the Spirit of the Times), as a glance at Mr. Shaw's really remarkable preface to *Androcles and the Lion* will prove. It can hardly be mere coincidence that two writers should have lit upon the same explanation of the change in Jesus's character during His three years ministry. But even that would have been of no avail if Mr. Moore had merely set out to *épater le bourgeois*. Your Anglo-Saxon is very *bourgeois* and dislikes being *épaté* more than any other race. Moreover, from the purely literary point of view, I am glad that Mr. Moore did nothing of the kind. It is so easy to write a lot of

(*Continued on page 580*)

* *The Brook Kerith*. By George Moore. (T. Werner Laurie: 7*s*. 6*d*. net.)

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"THE BROOK KERITH" (*concluded from page 578*)

trash about John the Baptist or Mary Magdalen or Julius Cæsar or King Alfred and to cover up your own incompetence by the mere attraction of such names.

❀ ❀

READERS of Anatole France will remember a wonderful story called, I think, *Le Procurateur de Judée*. It shows Pontius Pilate and another official talking over their experiences in Palestine. They yarn for a long time about dancing girls and sport and what not till suddenly at the end Pilate is asked by his friend: "Do you remember a fellow called Jesus of Nazareth, whom there was such a row about?" "Jesus of Nazareth," muses Pilate; "no, I don't remember him." That is a perfect example of fame rightly used, of the values of one age contrasted with the values of another. But, except at the end of his book, Mr. Moore does not make use of the subsequent fame of his characters at all. They are sufficiently interesting as they stand.

❀ ❀

MR. MOORE'S story is not, of course, his own invention. All over the Mohammedan world men tell how Joseph of Arimathea took Jesus down from the cross before He was dead and enabled Him to escape. All that Mr. Moore has invented is the subsequent meeting between Jesus and Paul—and the telling of the story. But that is what matters, and I doubt whether, taking it all in all, anything more remarkable has been done in English for many years. *The Brook Kerith* lives for me as truly as if it were all true. F. T.

Photograph *Topical*

A RECENT WAR WEDDING

Was that of Captain A. K. Hall, Royal West Kent Regiment, to Miss Jean Pope, elder daughter of Mr. Stephen Pope, of the G.W.R. on September 19

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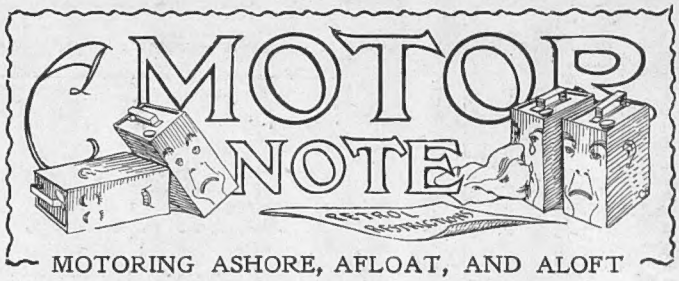

MOTORING ASHORE, AFLOAT, AND ALOFT

Mess and Muddle

UPON what I am pleased to call my soul, this petrol business grows more and more silly. We stop motoring, except service and commercial motoring, because of petrol shortage. We make assurance doubly sure by stopping the importation of cars altogether. We make our double assurance into a triplet by allowing petrol prices to soar well above the price in any other country, belligerent or peaceful, and then we add a super-tax to make quite certain nobody except an incipient or actual millionaire can possibly use his car except upon absolutely necessary running. After which we post large hoardings with appeals not to use motor-cars for pleasure, and Cabinet Ministers on £4,000 or so per year wag their fingers (from seats in nicely upholstered limousines) and talk of shame rides. The super-tax, we reckon, will bring us in a little short of a million pounds revenue, which some cheerful idiot proceeds to waste in advance by experimenting with tank steamers. The withdrawal of these tank steamers from their legitimate purpose still further reduces tonnage and increases the petrol problem by several degrees.

***

Confusion Worse Confounded

THEN we appoint a Petrol Committee to dole out spirit, and the Committee, after the fashion of its kind, doles out upon a basis which no feller can understand, and which often results in the man who does not want petrol at all except for purely private purposes, getting more than the firm that must have petrol to run goods of national importance. In the result these firms try to eke out their allowance with a substitute, and are immediately run in and fined on the ground that they are using a motor-spirit, although admittedly only petrol shortage is the fear, and this substitute is not petrol, whatever else it is

***

Dismal Discoveries

WE discover that service cars are being washed down with the precious fluid, and that ostensibly Service cars are being run thousands of miles on non-Service work, or unnecessary Service work. We discover that Service motor-boats are discharging their spare petrol overboard because they are not allowed to dock with petrol in their tanks. And, lastly, we discover that the petrol companies are so stuffed up with spirit that they hardly know what to do with it.

***

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WE imported during August alone no less than 28,750,000 gallons against 17,230,000 gallons in the corresponding month of last year, and an average of just over eleven million gallons per month for the first six months of 1916. In short, we are not short, there is no shortage at the source, as the petrol companies suggested, and prices have come down several cents per gallon in America. Therefore all the regulations and committees based upon the assumption of shortage have no reason for their existence at all, and the only thing they are doing is to make an artificial shortage whereby the petrol companies justify their high prices; and the high prices make even the consumption of what supplies the public can get impossible, to the direct disadvantage of the National Exchequer. If you can beat that for mess and muddle, tell me!

***

The "Tanks"

I AM about the only man in London at the time who did not see the German airship fall, and one of a very select lot of journalists who never foretold the war. This may be one reason why I (almost alone) cannot

(Continued on page 584)

Are you helping to LOSE the War?

Are you a patriotic motorist or a "pro-German" one? Are you one of the buyers of imported tyres, to pay for which millions of pounds in gold are sent out of the Empire every year?

The Country needs all the money it can get to win the War. To purchase foreign tyres is unpatriotic; it is unwise too—for there are plenty of better and British made Tyres like

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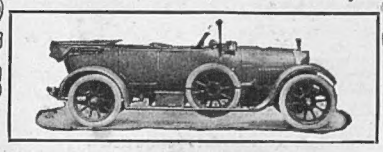

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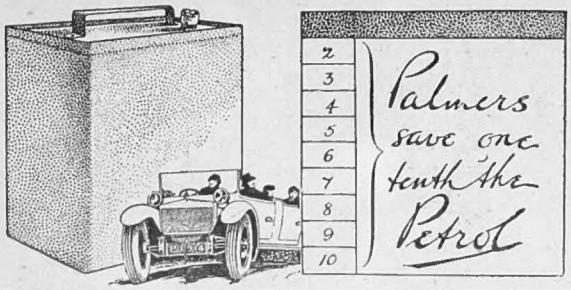

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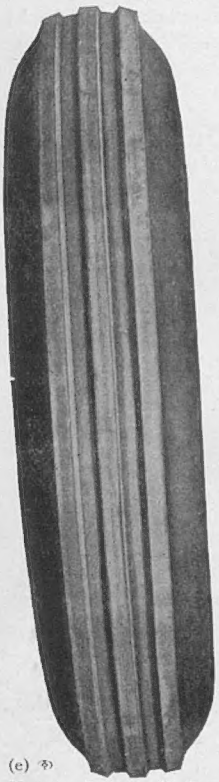

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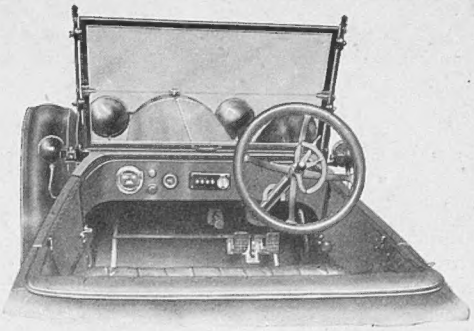

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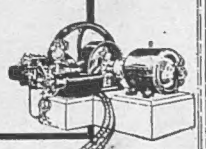


MOTORING (concluded from page 582)

tell you at the moment of writing what the new "tanks" are, although I have a bright idea where they were made. The only thing I can say with a great deal of certainty is that most of the guesses made with so large an air of authority are what the gentle American would call "punk."

***

Friend Caterpillar

IT doesn't require much wagging of the beard to conclude that all the walking over houses, pushing down great trees, and that sort of stuff is decorative. I expect these heavy vehicles are no more than adaptations of our old friend the caterpillar in armour plate. In which case rely that a good deal of the effect it was able to produce depended upon the element of surprise. Anyway, it worked, and, apparently, worked splendidly. Here's to a continuance of it.

***

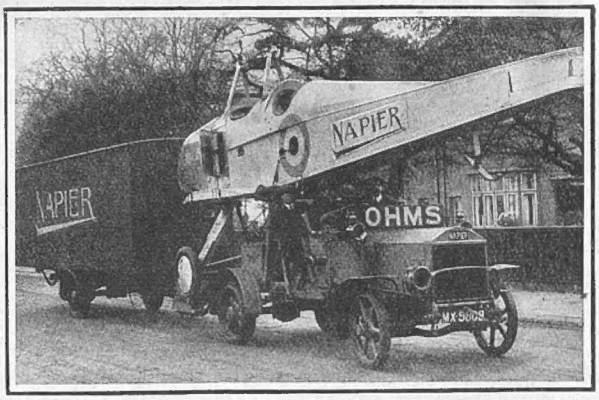
Air Ascendancy

I DO not remember what the records of Germany's two star airmen amounted to before one of the invincibles disappeared from the public eye through the agency of a youngster named McCubbin, but I fancy Lieut. Albert Ball, D.S.O., of whom we hear quite suddenly, and with none of the introductory boosting and drumming which accompanied the entry of the German men into the sacred circle of the spot lime, has surpassed them both. Certainly he has surpassed them both when the time factor is introduced. Eighty-four aerial fights and twenty-two enemy machines brought down reads astonishingly like record, so far as records have been published. But you never know. Behind the veil that shrouds the individual work of so many millions in this war, even Lieut. Ball's achievement may have been surpassed with nobody the wiser.

***

Undesirable Reticence

I suppose there is a real purpose in this policy of obscurantism. I do not know what it is. I only know that we are particularly elated when evidence is submitted, as in the case of Lieut. Ball, that we maintain that personal ascendancy in the air of which the G.O.C. wrote earlier in the war, and have regained that mechanical ascendancy which was, more recently, in such fierce debate. I take it that, in whatever connection, a people cheery and confident, is better than a people depressed and uncertain. Which seems to suggest that a system of reticence is not always a desirable thing. Anyway, to Lieut. Ball, D.S.O., M.C., aged twenty, the bays, and the palms, and a safe continuance of splendid exploit. ALEX. J. M. GRAY



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